

FORD TIMES

AUGUST 1975



**Canal Days
in
New Hope**

Ford announces the new Pinto **MPG**

34 ^{\$}2,769 mpg highway

Official test results certified by the U.S. Government Environmental Protection Agency, which rates all cars using a common dynamometer testing procedure. Competitive fuel economy results based on EPA Buyer's Guide. Mileage may vary depending on your driving habits. City mileage 23 mpg. California: 28 mpg highway, 18 mpg city.

Base sticker price of Pinto MPG 2-Door Sedan excluding title, taxes, destination and dealer prep. Price comparisons based on sticker prices. Because destination charges are extra on all cars, and dealer prep is extra on all cars except GM cars and Toyota, the price difference may vary in some areas.

That's better than VW Beetle.

That's less than VW Rabbit.

That's better than Toyota Corona.

That's better than Datsun 710.

That's the same as Audi Fox.

That's better than Opel 1900.

That's better than Mazda 808.

That's better than Monza
Towne Coupe.

That's better than many others.

\$224 less than VW Beetle.

\$555 less than VW Rabbit.

\$904 less than Toyota Corona.

\$694 less than Datsun 710.

\$2,075 less than Audi Fox.

\$870 less than Opel 1900.

\$222 less than Mazda 808.

\$795 less than Monza
Towne Coupe.

And less than many others.

MPG equipment:

Pinto MPG comes with a 2.3-liter 2V 4-cylinder engine, 4-speed manual (or optional automatic) transmission, a 3.18 axle ratio (3.40 in California) and catalytic converter.

See pages 52 and 53 for more MPG information.



FORD TIMES

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August 1975, Vol. 68, No. 8

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COVER: Strains of "Low Bridge, Everybody Down" can still be heard along the Delaware Canal in New Hope, Pennsylvania, thanks to a local preservation movement. Roul Tunley writes about the canal and this unusual Pennsylvania town beginning on page 8. Painting by Arthur Barbour.

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story and photos by James Tallon

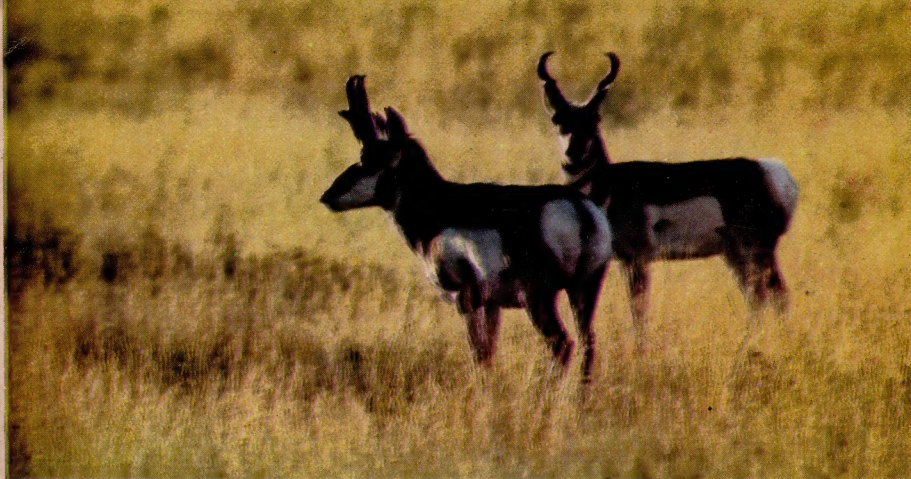
At Home on

Montana offers the real thing
in drive-through wildlife areas

ON A SUMMER-FRESH morning in early August, a Rocky Mountain mule deer doe slipped through a grove of junipers, snipping at blades of grass along the way, and nosed our 18-month-old daughter. Rachel, not used to being nosed by other than our Brittany spaniel, showed a mixture of curiosity and mild apprehension. Normally we do not approach wild animals, or let them approach us, so closely. But I have seen doe deer and their fawns in children's petting zoos and this animal was obviously in that class.

We were breakfast-picnicking on the south bank of Mission Creek at the National Bison Range in west-central Montana. On a range with that name, you would expect to be nosed by a bison (or buffalo," as most people commonly say) rather than

*Bison and a pair of pronghorn antelopes
pose for roadside photographs*



the Range



a mule deer. But the bison is only one wildlife species of hundreds harbored by the range; perhaps the name suggests a limited attraction, and subsequently that is the reason this fascinating place of nature gets largely overlooked by the motoring public. In the half-dozen times we have visited there, the large, tree-shaded picnic grounds, capable of accommodating 100 people, have been empty or near-empty; the 19-mile wildlife drive that opens up the heart of the range has had little or no traffic. Yet the Bison Range has no admission charge. It is adjacent to U.S. Highway 93, a major artery to Glacier National

Park, Kalispell, Canada and other points north, and ranks as one of the oldest wildlife refuges in the United States, established May 23, 1908.

The National Bison Range covers 19,000 acres of lush Northwest real estate, complete with mountain, valley and prairie. It came into existence primarily because of the efforts of the American Bison Society with the naturalist Dr. William T. Hornaday at the helm. President Theodore Roosevelt set the land aside for "the protection and preservation of the vanishing American buffalo."

Today the National Bison Range's buffalo herd averages from 300 to 500 animals. But an estimated 75 head of elk live there

along with them. So do about 150 mule deer and 150 whitetail deer. Then there are as many as 50 bighorn sheep living on the range, and perhaps 75 pronghorn antelopes. Black bears are sometime residents, passing through but hanging around long enough to take advantage of succulent thorn apples and chokeberries. Countless other animals inhabit this natural environment: badgers, mink, beavers, muskrats, weasels, bobcats, coyotes, yellowbelly marmots and Columbian ground squirrels—to name a few. In 1912, the Bison Range was also estab-



*Stack of elk antlers dwarfs
Bison Range visitors*



Young coyote makes a rare camera-range appearance

lished as a federal bird refuge and now nearly 200 species have been observed using this habitat. You can expect to see blue and ruffed grouse, Hungarian partridges, ringnecked pheasants, chukars, magpies, great blue herons, Canada geese, numerous hawks, an occasional falcon, and many other birds. As many as 10,000 mallards have been known to be on Mission Creek within the boundaries of the range at one time.

Some of the larger species of wildlife and at least two rare Texas longhorns are on exhibit in roomy pastures near the range's headquarters at Moiese, about 10 miles from Ravalli on U.S. 93. This makes it possible for visitors who are short on time or who don't wish to make the 19-mile wildlife and scenic drive to see some of the range's wildlife examples. For our trips across the Bison Range we plan a full day, usually camping at a commercial campground in Ravalli, then driving to the range about sunrise to have our outdoor breakfast in the picnic area. This way we can enjoy the birds and animals that frequent the grounds as we enjoy breakfast.



Rocky Mountain bull elk isn't camera shy, but blue grouse seeks cover



Although you may see more wildlife by starting across the drive at dawn, we prefer to wait until the light grows strong enough for pictures; I make part of my living from wildlife photography. Invariably, we cruise the drive twice a day, once in the morning and once in the evening, taking advantage of both periods of the day when wildlife are active. In the afternoon, many animals and birds settle down for snoozes in tall grass and you drive unwittingly by them. On these trips we rarely travel faster than 10 miles per hour. Thus, a trip across the 19-mile drive may take us from three to four hours. By observing this slow-driving rule, you will be amazed at the increased number of wildlife examples you see. Small animals and birds that you could never spot at speeds faster than 15 miles per hour suddenly become apparent. On the drive we stop often to stretch our legs and look even closer at what nature has to offer on the National Bison Range. Because big game species, especially the buffalo, are unpredictable, Bison Range officials advise you to keep a respectful distance between them and yourself, near your vehicle or in it as the case warrants.

The Bison Range provides visitors with self-guiding brochures, and a check list for acknowledging wildlife species seen. The brochure lists key points to help you locate specific wildlife and other range highlights.

In our travels about the range, we have found that most big game species will pose well within picture-taking distance; that is, so you'll have a large image on your film. One exception, the antelope, may appear as no more than a speck in your viewfinder even with a telephoto lens. This animal has eight-power vision, can hit speeds up to 60 miles per hour, and likes to keep plenty of space between him and anything questionable. But he has a fault that will often bring him close to your camera—intense curiosity. We have tricked antelopes into camera range simply by tying a handkerchief to our van's antenna and letting it flutter in the usually prevalent Montana breeze.

At Bison Range we find the whole nature scene to our liking. We give priority to big game species and the likes of coyotes and bobcats. Next of interest to us are smaller wildlife species such as Columbian ground squirrels and blue grouse. But the whole outdoor experience is neatly tied together with spectacular arrays of wildflowers and the beauty of the land itself. They, too, are part of the reason we keep going back. □

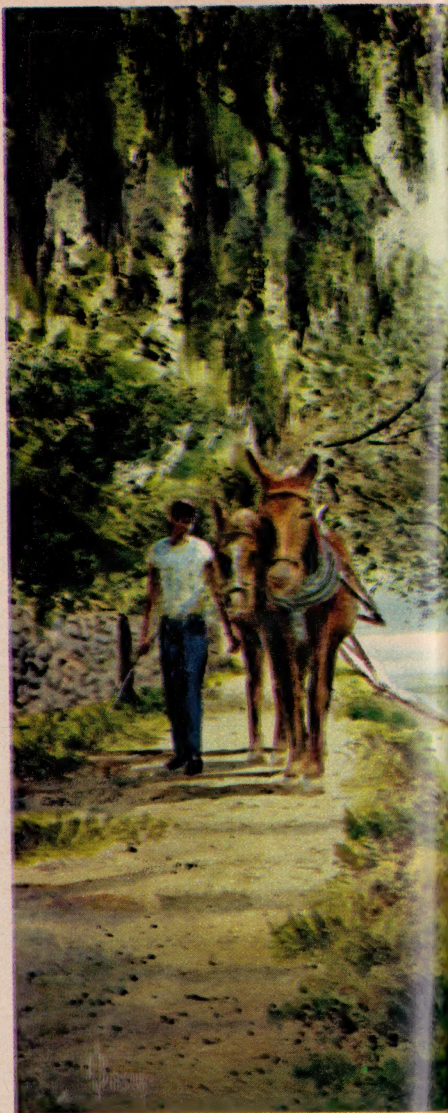
by Roul Tunley

New Hope— Where You Can Be Yourself

"I T'S A LOVELY PLACE to visit but I wouldn't want to live there!"

No town would seem to fit that cliché better than New Hope in Pennsylvania. A thousand-acre tract along the Delaware River opposite New Jersey, it actually has fewer inhabitants today (950) than it did a century ago when it was a bawdy, roistering stop for "canawlers" plying the Delaware Canal.

And yet no place has more lure for visitors. Mostly it's mood. The mood is compounded in part by a superb physical setting—river banks, giant trees, cobblestone streets, fine houses, intriguing shops, historic sites (it figured in Washington's famous crossing of the Delaware), and a surrounding countryside that William Penn described as "the most



paintings by Arthur Barbour



beautiful of landscapes, far ahead of what can be found in England."

Then, too, it's a mood of tolerance and acceptance that has its roots in the Quaker heritage of its founders. It's no accident, for example, that prior to the Civil War, New Hope became an important way station on the Underground Railroad, helping slaves find freedom in the North. All this led, in turn, to a tradition of four-square individuality, often shading into eccentricity, that seems to pervade the lives of residents and visitors alike. People who live in more regulated, more homogenized communities obviously welcome escaping, if only for a few hours, into an area where people dare to be themselves.

This rage for *laissez-faire* has attracted many people in the arts, particularly writers. Many settled in the area—Pearl Buck, George Kaufman, Paul Gallico, Dorothy Parker, Budd Shulberg, Moss Hart, Oscar Hammerstein and countless others. With them inevitably came a series of stories and anecdotes that contributed to New Hope's legend as a place for the unexpected.

For example:

—Harpo Marx once sent his host, George Kaufman, a full-grown elephant as a thank-you gift. This gesture caused George no end of trouble in trying to get rid of the huge mammal.

—The English poetess, Laura Riding, made her entry into New Hope in a palanquin borne by her

admirers. She subsequently gave a press interview in which she answered questions while facing a mirror inscribed with the words, "I am God."

—Alexander Woolcott broke his leg while visiting Moss Hart, an accident that became central to the hit play, *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. It was during this Bucks County visit, incidentally, that the guest made his oft-quoted remark, summing up his reaction to a stand of trees his host recently had planted in front of his house. "It just shows," he said, "what God could do if He had money!"

These quips and japes, drifting to the outside world over the years, piqued the curiosity of those living in less yeasty parts and impelled them to see for themselves what this strange New Hope was like. Of course, people rarely see any of the famous persons or witness any of the zany antics for which the place is known. On the other hand, they find plenty to make them glad they came.

For one thing, just walking around the town can be enchanting. There are 18th-century streets lined with old houses, the most handsome of which is the Parry Mansion, open to the public and so artfully restored that each room represents a different era in our history. There's a delightful towpath along the canal, studded with antique gas lamps.

Then there are the shops, which are as individual as the inhabitants.



There's not a chain store or franchise operation among them. One finds pottery makers, leather workers, tie dyers, stone carvers, silversmiths, doll specialists, and even a shop devoted entirely to tin soldiers. These are in addition to a generous sprinkling of antique stores and art galleries. A trifle unusual, even for New Hope, is one flourishing entrepreneur who sells homemade, ethnic ice cream cones, featuring such flavors as Polish plum brandy, African violet, Jewish malaga, and English mincemeat.

For those who tire of walking, the town offers a unique experience—

barge riding. For years, New Hoppers successfully resisted all attempts to fill in, cover over, or otherwise do away with their quaint canal in the name of progress.

Originally built in the 1820s to transport coal from the mines of Pennsylvania to Philadelphia, Trenton and New York by mule-drawn barge, the waterway operated for a century before going out of business. For a while, New Hoppers were content just to look at or stroll along this scenic ribbon of water cutting its way through the heart of town and the peaceful landscape nearby (or to skate on it after the first

freeze of winter). But a few years ago, Pete Pascuzzo got the idea of reviving barge traffic for pleasure, giving riders a nostalgic journey through what is essentially still a 19th-century landscape. Today the boats regularly glide under old planked bridges, pass stately stone farmhouses, and move under huge oaks that sheltered Revolutionary soldiers. The barges have become so popular that, in addition to the scheduled trips, people often hire them for private parties.

Once a visiting animal lover complained—in a letter to the *Bucks County Gazette*—that Pete was unfair to his mules, making them toil all day in the hot sun. Pete's response was typical of New Hope's easy-going attitude. Although he felt his mules were thriving, he didn't fire back a hot rebuttal. Instead, he sauntered down to Japan Artisans on Ferry Street and bought large parasols which he strapped to his animals with bellybands. On a hot summer day, it's possible to see the animals plodding mulishly along the towpath looking like some outlandish geisha girls moving through a surrealist painting.

Another bit of nostalgia the town has to offer is a ride on the New Hope and Ivyland Railroad. With much huffing, puffing and frantic bell-ringing, this old steam train makes regular 14-mile trips between the town and Buckingham Valley. Along the way, it passes over the trestle depicted in Joseph Pickett's



Manchester Valley, a picture painted by New Hope's noted "primitive" artist. It now hangs in New York's Museum of Modern Art.

Perhaps the best-known attraction of all, however, is the town's theatre, the Bucks County Playhouse. This institution, operating in a converted gristmill, practically launched the country's "straw hat" theatre back in 1939. And despite its small size (475 seats), it has attracted such performers as Liza Minelli, George C. Scott, Arthur

Godfrey, Grace Kelly and Robert Redford.

In recent years, it has added a new dimension. In addition to evening performances, it produces theatre classics in the morning for busloads of students who come from high schools in Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey. Last year, it played host to the largest audience of school children in the country, offering live theatre to 100,000 young people.

Not surprisingly, New Hope's approach to government is just as off-beat as it is to other things. Its current mayor, George Bailey, is no successful businessman, lawyer or professional politician. He's a photographer, skilled tympanist and school bus driver, hardly a political stereotype. Not long ago, moreover, the town almost chose for its mayor Odette Myrtil, the former musical comedy star who runs the most popular restaurant in town, Chez Odette. On the threshold of election, she was found ineligible because the state forbids holders of liquor licenses to occupy such a high public office.

In a sense, Paris-born Odette typifies those outsiders who find an affinity with New Hope and decide to cast their lot with it. She had performed all over the world but, by a curious coincidence, had never appeared in Bucks County Playhouse, or even visited the town. Then, in the early '50s, after finishing her role as Bloody Mary in the Broadway production of *South Pacific*, she decided

to retire from the theatre. She was offered a job managing an inn in New Hope. She came, fell in love with the place and bought an old house on the canal which she converted into a successful restaurant.

Having found a new stage for her life as *aubergiste*, she now holds forth as cook, raconteur, and 220-



volt personality, even in her 70s. Recently she summed up how she feels about the place: "I adore New Hope because of the people. One feels absolutely free here. It's something I've never found anywhere else. The nice thing is that no one wants to change you. You can be yourself. Of course, New Hope has a personality I can't begin to understand or describe. All I know is that when I come back after being away, I feel instantly and completely at home." □



*Pinto
Three-Door Runabout*



*Thunderbird
with Silver Luxury Group*

The '75 Fords

Ford puts value in every car it builds,
from the thrifty little Pinto to the elegant Thunderbird

by Michael E. Maattala

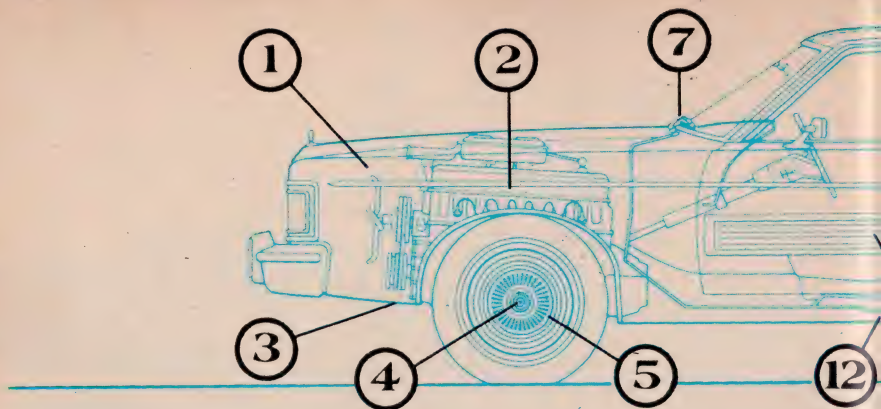
WHAT DOES VALUE in a car mean to you? Does it mean purchase price, or gas mileage? Maybe you determine value by the car's standard equipment. Or do you think long-term: How much can I get when I sell it?

Actually, all of these factors—and several others—contribute to a car's value. To focus on merely one or two is to shortchange yourself.

The 1975 Ford car lines have plenty of value. From the subcompact Pinto to the luxurious Thunderbird, each car is priced competitively, offers an impressive array of standard features, and is designed and built to retain much

of its original value at trade-in time.

If you haven't shopped for a car in several years, you'll be surprised at how many items that you once had to pay extra for are now included in the base price of many 1975 models. The popular mid-sized Torinos, for example, now join Elite, Ford LTD and Thunderbird in offering V-8 engines, automatic transmission, power steering and power front disc brakes as standard equipment. Of course, these and all the other Ford car lines are available with a variety of options, allowing you to create your own personal combination of economy, convenience, sportiness and luxury.



Quality In Every Car Line

Listed on these pages are features that add to comfort, safety, durability and reliability. They are common to every Ford car line except where noted.

1. Precision body assembly—Subassemblies are clamped together by an automatic machine called the pivoting pillar body buck and precision-welded into a single unit within $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch tolerance.

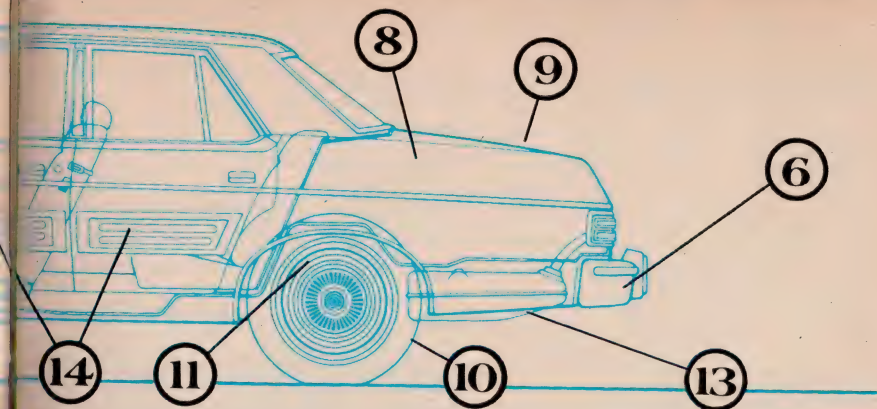
2. Solid-state ignition—Helps reduce scheduled maintenance due to elimination of breaker points and condenser. Also provides a stronger spark for better starting.

3. Rubber-isolated suspension system—Tuned rubber bushings and isolators are fitted between the springs and other moving suspension parts and the frame (or unit body) to reduce transmission of road noise, vibration and harshness to the passenger compartment.

4. Electromagnetic testing of front wheel spindles—This test reveals any invisible flaws in these critical parts.

5. Self-adjusting front disc brakes—Ford floating caliper front disc brakes promote straightline stops—wet or dry. Self-adjusting features (on rear brakes, too) keep them at top efficiency. Optional on Maverick.

6. Energy-absorbing bumpers—Impact-resistant bumper systems, front and rear, to help minimize substantial sheet metal damage from minor traffic accidents. Energy absorbers return bumpers to original position after low-speed impact.



7. Longer intervals between scheduled maintenance periods—Because of solid-state ignition, for example, spark plug replacements can be extended up to 15,000 or 20,000 miles, depending on the kind of engine and other factors. Previously, replacement was recommended every 12,000 miles.

8. Nine-point sound insulation package—Sound-absorbing materials are used in at least nine different locations to promote a quiet, restful ride.

9. Six-step process—An anticorrosion coat is used to prepare the sheet metal for maximum adhesion of paint. Two coats of epoxy primer are followed by three coats of acrylic color enamel for a tough, beautiful finish.

10. Steel-belted radial-ply tires—These gas-saving tires offer improved highway speed smoothness, vehicle stability and handling, plus longer tread life when compared with conventional belted or bias-belted tires. Optional on Pinto.

11. Shock absorbers with reserve capacity—Ford shock absorbers have constant viscosity "all-weather" fluid with reserve fluid capacity designed for long, effective absorber life.

12. Double-wrapped muffler—Ford mufflers have an outer shell of aluminized steel for added corrosion resistance and long life.

13. Zinc-plated metal—Many body parts in areas exposed to abrasion and corrosive snow-melting chemicals are zinc-plated before painting.

14. Side door beams—Designed for protection in the event of side impact collision. This is one of the many Ford Motor Company Lifeguard Design Safety Features.

Value from the "Wagonmaster"

Ford has earned the title "Wagonmaster" by selling more station wagons than any other manufacturer for each of the last 10 years. Continuing Ford's leadership in the 1975 model year are six models: two in Ford LTD, three in Torino and one in Pinto—the most popular wagon around. Here's a look at some of the features that help make Ford wagons best-sellers:

Accessibility — Ford's 3-Way Magic Doorgate gives you quick, easy entry. With the window up or down, you can open it like a door. Or you can swing it down as a tailgate and get extra feet of cargo floor. It comes standard on Ford and Torino wagons. Pinto has a convenient, wide-opening liftgate for easy loading.



Capacity—With third seat options, Ford and Torino wagons carry up to eight people. Pinto

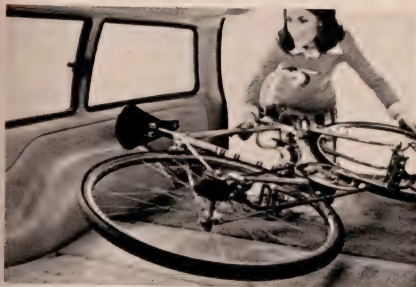
carries four people comfortably. Cargo volume index (cubic feet) is 94.6 on Ford, 84.9 on Torino, 57.6 on Pinto. An additional 9.1 and 8.1 cubic feet of lockable storage space is available under the load floor on six-passenger models for Ford and Torino, respectively.



Comfort — Foam-padded seats have firm springs for good lateral and back support. Padding is thicker at edges, where it's needed. Rubber-insulated coil suspension, plus soundproofing, makes roomy Ford wagons smooth and quiet on the road.



Convertibility—Ford, Torino and Pinto wagons convert easily from passenger to cargo carriers in seconds, just by folding down the rear seat.



Convenience—Spare tire is easy to get at on all wagons. A handy spare tire extractor is standard on Ford, optional on Torino. Vinyl trim, so easy to care for, is also standard on all wagon models. SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission, a Ford and Torino standard (Pinto option), can be shifted manually or automatically. Luggage rack air deflector helps keep the rear window clear.



Utility—Ford wagons with standard trim and Torino wagons have ample cargo width and a load floor length (tailgate down) to stack a dozen sheets of 4 x 8 plywood easily. Pinto has nearly six unobstructed feet of load length with second seat folded down. All cargo areas are fully carpeted, enhancing the appearance while providing additional protection for cargo.



Models pictured on pages 14-19 have one or more of the following options: Deluxe Bumper Group, Sports Accent Group, sunroof, Silver Luxury Group, moonroof, Convenience Group, power antenna, rear facing third seat, deluxe luggage rack, SelectAire Conditioner, Brougham Option, AM/FM stereo radio, Landau Luxury Group, power side windows, power door locks, Fingertip Speed Control, white sidewall tires, vinyl insert bodyside molding, dual facing rear seats, recreation table, lockable side stowage compartment. ☐

Product information appearing in this issue was correct when approved for printing. Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

WHAT DOES CAR value mean to a woman? Basically, the same as it means to a man. For a long time the "experts" thought that a woman's main interests in a car concerned colors, interior upholstery and vanity mirrors. This was never really true, but the misconception came about, I suspect, because men and women use different vocabularies when discussing cars.

A few years ago I conducted a survey for FORD TIMES among several hundred women asking them to select the 10 most desired pieces of equipment if they were buying a new car. The women chose the following: air conditioner, electric rear window defroster, heavy

by Nancy Kennedy

duty
battery, deluxe
bumper group, tinted glass,
power front disc brakes, power
steering, AM/FM stereo radio,
steel-belted radial-ply tires and
SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic trans-
mission. Hardly a frivolous list.

I'm not suggesting that women aren't interested in color, style and interior decor, but they expect these elements combined with comfort, convenience, economy, easy care and safety. After all, women, according to statistics, spend more time in the family car each day than any other family member.

But back to the vocabulary of

the car world. I've been working in the automotive industry for more years than I care to admit, and I realized long ago that most men do a lot more talking about the mechanics of a car than women do. (My opinion is that most men don't really understand much more about the complicated machinery of the modern car than women, but they like to pretend that they do.)

If you, a prospective woman car owner, want to buy a new car, why not do as I do? View the car as one more 20th-century

wonder.

Analyze it exactly the way you would a new refrigerator, a microwave oven or an automatic range. Look at it and ask, "What do I want this car to do for me?" You don't expect to know how to assemble a microwave oven, know how it's made or name the working parts—you just want to know that it cooks food and how quickly it does it. So it should be with an automobile.

I pick a car to fit my personal life style. Mine would be a wrong choice for someone who uses her car less and doesn't need large storage areas. I order an LTD with heavy-duty suspension, AM/FM stereo radio, Fingertip Speed Control, air conditioning, tilt steering wheel, electric defroster for the rear

A Woman's Point

window and white sidewalls for the standard steel-belted radial-ply tires. When I traded my 1974 (after 11 months), it had over 18,000 miles on it, and I had carried hundreds of photographic props (including a half dozen gigantic picnic baskets on one trip) to set up photos for FORD TIMES in outdoor locations. I had gone on a

of View

dozen
long trips,
several of these
to northern Michigan
over dirt roads that were more like
obstacle courses than auto routes.

Ford's heavy-duty suspension provides a smooth ride, especially over rutted roads. Steel-belted radial-ply tires, according to tests, are more economical as far as gas mileage is concerned.

When a woman—or a man, for that matter—is thinking of buying a new car, the best thing to do is to sit down and write out the major daily uses of the car and also planned vacation trips. If you chauffeur the Little League team, you probably will want a full-sized car or a wagon. If most of your trips are solo shopping expeditions where parking in a small place is vital, then look over the wonderful field of Ford small cars: Pinto, Maverick, Mustang II and Granada. In other words, evaluate all car sizes and options offered, then select the best vehicle for your own life style. Ask yourself simply: "Is this the best car for my needs?"

For some inside tips on how to select the car model you want, send for the free "Car Buying Made Easier" package offered below. When you have read the books and selected your car model and options, visit your Ford dealer. □

"Car Buying Made Easier" Offered Free

There are four booklets in this free package describing the wide variety of styles, sizes and equipment available for the 1975 Ford cars. The booklets are: Select the Right Size, Choose the Right Options, Consider the Best Value and Decide the Right Price. For your added convenience, a personal check list is included so you can

write down what you want on a new car. There is also a full-color product brochure of the entire Ford line for 1975.

Send your request to:

Ford Motor Company Listens
P. O. Box 1975 TG
The American Road
Dearborn, Michigan 48121



The Dog Days

*What do you do when they arrive?
Why, nothing, of course*

by Zibby Oneal

paintings by Robert Boston

TOWARD THE END of August there comes a time when even the crickets begin to sound fatigued. Lilac bushes grow dusty and dispirited and the grass, tended all summer like a minor god, nevertheless suddenly flattens itself to the ground, a weary brown mat. In the garden the phlox is mildewed, the Shasta daisies raddled and derelict. Roses give up and succumb to Black Spot. The elms droop. All day the sun hangs sullen in the thick

gray sky. If there is a breeze it scarcely stirs the treetops, and the air is as stale as in a Pullman car. Dog days.

The dog days last two weeks perhaps, three at most, but they seem interminable. Coming as they do at the tail-end of summer they are always unexpected. People have begun to think vaguely of sweaters and pencil boxes and football. A cool night would not astonish anyone, for, after all, it is nearly autumn. And then, as if to demonstrate that it is Nature, not Man, who calls the shots, the dog days descend. They put the whole town into quarantine. Nothing moves. Or, if it does, it moves slowly.

"For goodness sake, *do* something!" Our Mother's voice. We are sitting on the front steps, two slugs at one with the weather. We ignore her. In my memory the dog days were always punctuated by this refrain. *Do* something. But do what after all? We are practically paralyzed with lethargy, the same as the elms and the grass and the air itself.

"Roller skate!" she implores. "Get out your jacks! There must be something you want to do!" Her voice begins to take on a fine edge of desperation, for it is a well-known fact that children-doing-nothing disturbs mothers more than war or pestilence. But there we sit, two lumps of dough not rising. The dog days have entered our blood like a wasting disease and there is nothing, absolutely nothing, that interests us. Between us there is a stack of Wonder Woman comics—our summer reading if we can muster the strength. They lie there. We sit.

THE NEIGHBOR'S CAT comes around the corner of the house. We watch her make a half-hearted pass at a hopping bird, then collapse beneath the bridal wreath. After a while the postman comes up the street, negotiating the heavy air like a swimmer. We sort through the mail for the Captain Midnight Secret Code Ring we ordered in May. It is not there. It never is. We sigh. Chins cupped in hands we stare at the cracks in the sidewalk. Heads hanging between our knees we examine our toes.

"What about paper dolls?" asks Mother, trying to sound peppy. One last stab. We are mute. "Oh, well," she says, retreating at last, leaving us to squander our youth profitlessly on the porch. "Nobody feels like doing much during the dog days."

The first time I heard my Mother use that term I thought she had made it up. I imagined a hound of some large, liver-colored variety, spread-eagled in the dust, tongue lolling. To me he

embodied the very essence of the late-August atmosphere. I thought my mother was a poet. Later I discovered that the term was not her invention, nor did it have anything to do with my liver-colored cur. The ancients had given the brief season its name, and they had called it after a star.

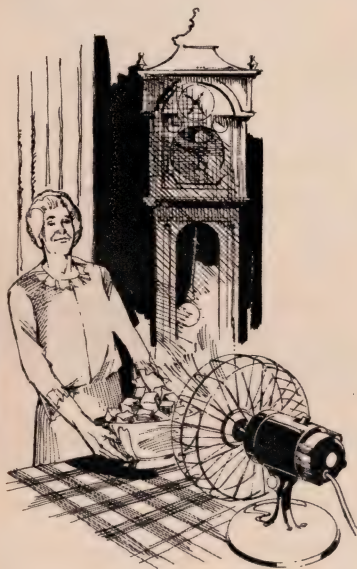
Sirius, the Dog Star, appears in late summer, tagging the constellation Orion across the August sky. The Greeks believed that the goddess Diana had flung them there—Orion, the hunter, and Sirius, his hound—and that when the two rose bright in the summer

heavens the sultry season was at hand. They dreaded the appearance of the Dog Star. Homer called Sirius the evil star of late summer, for it was well known that his rising scorched the earth. Hesiod, writing about the Dog Star, claimed that he parched both brain and knees. For me the knees don't ring a bell, but Hesiod was quite right about the brain. Living through the dog days is like being comatose.

The Greeks were not content to suffer through their sultry season quietly. They poured libations to the star, made sacrifices, probably chanted and implored, hoping he would go away and behave himself. They did, in short, as much as their parched brains could devise to ward off the Dog Star's debilitating effects.

The Egyptians, too, made sacrifices and held festivals for the omnipotent Dog Star. They set their calendar by his rising. For them he was not a menace. With the appearance of the Dog Star each year came the flooding of the Nile, overspreading the land and promising fertility and good harvests. Egyptian dog days were considered lucky, but the Egyptians were the exception. Elsewhere in the ancient world dog days were a time of trouble.

The Romans, for instance, loathed them, and it is from the



Romans that my mother's poetic term derived. Adapting the Greek myth Sirius to their own uses, the Romans called the star Canicula and the period of his reign Dies Caniculares—days of the Dog Star, the hottest part of the Roman year.

The Dies Caniculares were a time of fevers and pestilence. The Romans blamed it on the star. There are accounts of the sacrifices they offered annually in an attempt to pacify Canicula. Ovid wrote of the sacrifice of dogs for this purpose. Festus stated that not only must dogs be sacrificed but that they ought to be red. It appears that, leaving the sun and moon aside, the Dog Star may have been the most propitiated heavenly body in history.

Nowhere does anyone mention whether any of these elaborate ceremonies worked. I have my doubts. It would take quite a bit to overpower the dog days. I base that statement on personal observations. My Mother used to try. Early in the morning she would steal through the house, wraithlike, closing windows "to hold in the cool night air." Since there *was* no cool night air during the dog days, the act itself was suspect. We used to think she was crazy. Never mind. Closing windows was part of a thermodynamic ritual that went on more or less all summer,



but which reached its zenith during dog days.

Lately I have wondered whether this ritual may have been my Mother's own way of propitiating the Dog Star. Good Episcopalian that she was, shocked as she surely would have been at the suggestion, there was, all the same, a slightly pagan flavor to her approach. Like the Greeks and Romans she was not content to simply endure the dog days. She did something about it. She was involved in a round of incessant activity aimed at warding off the Dog Star's evil eye.

She offered him bowls of ice cubes set before electric fans, dim rooms, closed blinds and cold suppers that didn't heat up the kitchen. She rose at dawn to close us in, retired at midnight after having flung the windows wide. She dispensed salt tablets, ginger ale, washcloths wrung out in ice water to press against our foreheads and wrists. She moved through the twilit rooms muttering to herself—chants, maybe, or charms?—in a loose voile dress that during dog days was her ritual garment. And then, like a diviner, each day she would make a pilgrimage to the porch to scan the sky. For what? Portents, I think. At any rate she returned from these trips with predictions about how much longer the dog days would last. A seeress! A regular oracle right under our roof! No wonder our torpor aggravated her. *She*, after all, was engaged in serious business.

During the second week of the dog days we went from suspended animation to despair—all except Mother, of course, who was busy. Our Father's temper grew so short that saying "Hello" to him involved a certain risk. And the two of us, I can see in retrospect, were impossible. We had tired of counting the leaves on the weigela bush, staring at our toes, listening to ourselves breathe. Our lethargy was boring even us. For a change of pace we fought: "Move over, you're hogging the whole step."

"It's not *your* step."

"As much mine as yours."

And so on until we had established that it was in fact God's step and that He'd never intended for anybody who looked like a duck-billed platypus to be sitting on it anyway. Normally at that point one of us would have knocked the other into the bushes. Not during dog days. These arguments trailed off inconclusively. We hadn't the energy to continue. We scarcely had the energy to walk to the curb to intercept the Good Humor man when he passed after supper, ringing his bell. Scarcely, but we

managed. Perhaps because the sun had finally set.

We took our Eskimo Pies to the back yard where we lay on our back in the late August stubble and gazed at the sky. We had a star chart and a flashlight for reading it and as it began to grow dark and the stars emerged, we identified them with its help. Dribbling ice cream onto our chests we picked out the brightest star in the sky. We wished on it. I think I usually wished for fame and fortune beyond my wildest dreams and an evening dress with sequins, but occasionally I may have wished that the dog days would end. I like to think so. That would have brought things full circle. For the brightest star in our Midwestern sky was the same one that had troubled the Greeks, the Romans, the Egyptians and my Mother. It pleases me to think that in my crabby, chocolate-smeared way I was honoring ancient practice.

Did I ever say, "Wish I may, wish I might see the end of this rotten weather?" Maybe so. Did it work? I don't know. I just know that one morning the world would begin to sparkle again, the evenings were cool, and suddenly we were in the midst of Indian Summer. I wouldn't want to say for certain that the Dog Star hadn't listened. ☐

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SOMEWHERE GULLS

Until recently I had experienced little more than a nodding acquaintance with the screaming sea gulls and multicolored, long-legged shorebirds that raced ahead of me when I hiked along the open beaches near San Simeon, California. Then, quite unexpectedly one day, I became the Florence Nightingale of the Sea Gull Society!

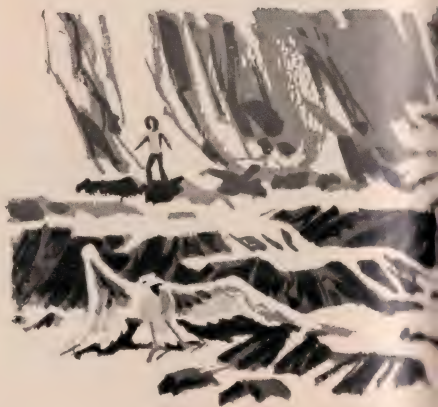
The gentle Pacific tide was at its lowest ebb. Gigantic stalks of brown kelp swayed in rhythm with the constantly changing currents of the blue-green surf. The muddy-colored foam swirled around, exposing jagged rocks far out from where the powerful breakers usually crashed and tumbled against eroded, yellow cliffs.

Most summer tourists had already departed from the Hearst-San Simeon State Monument, and I was delighted to discover that I had the beach all to myself. This was my favorite time—when I could poke among exposed tide-pools and explore the rubble left behind by the last high tide, always hoping to discover some rare, valuable, hidden treasure deposited in the cracks or crevices.

Suddenly, I was startled from my concentrated beachcombing

by a commotion far out near the water's edge. Two great gulls were engaged in what appeared to be a frantic struggle. Knowing that parent birds often fake injuries or cause disturbances to distract attention from their nests, I decided these two were putting on a very clever act. That is, until I realized that there couldn't possibly be a nest nearby, because everything would be under water again with the returning tide.

Curious, I watched the frenzied action. The first gray-white gull flapped his apparently strong wings in an attempt to lift into the air. However, all he managed to do was flounder forward a few inches each time. The second bird appeared to be dragging along behind—bumping and falling



ARE FLYING

by Mary Medley

illustrations by Larry McManus

against each sharp, rough, black rock.

It was obvious that something was desperately wrong, and I set out to investigate. The rocks were covered with the slippery, bright-green moss and bits of brown seaweed left behind by the receding tide. Cautiously and slowly I approached the birds, calling softly as I neared them. "Don't worry . . . I'm not going to hurt you . . . Don't be afraid . . . Let me see what the trouble is . . . I'll try to help."

Naturally I knew they couldn't understand a word I said, but my steady voice seemed to calm them. At least the big bird stopped its desperate struggle and stood completely still, watching me.

It took only a second to discover

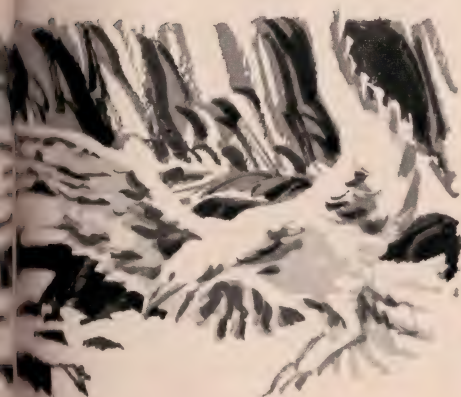
what had happened to these unfortunate creatures.

One day perhaps a week, or a month, before, a fisherman had caught his hooks among the sharp rocks. Undoubtedly he had tugged and pulled to release them, but the leader line had broken loose and was lost. Eventually, it had floated free with the ocean current, and then—somehow, somehow—these two wild gulls had become hopelessly entangled in the whole mess.

Two huge hooks were still attached to the long line, and one of those rusty barbs was embedded deep in the right leg of the first bird. In hopping around trying to free himself of it, he had succeeded only in wrapping the line around and around his leg.

The rest of the long line completely ensnarled the second bird—binding tight its legs, its wings and body. Each time the first gull had tried to fly off, he'd only tightened the grip of the line around his own leg—while dragging the body of his helpless friend farther across the rocks towards the sea.

These were full-grown, adult sea gulls—with huge yellow beaks which curved downwards to very sharp points. While these beaks might have been extremely useful to the birds when they dived for





their fish dinners, they looked fierce and menacing up close to me. I just hoped that I wouldn't have a hunk of arm removed if I tried to free the hook and line.

"Well . . . bird . . . I'll do my best, but you'll have to stand still and not bite at me!" I informed my beady-eyed acquaintance.

I knelt beside him on the rocks, and as quickly as possible, removed the rusted hook and gently unwound the line from the leg. The bird watched every move I made, but didn't flinch. He seemed to sense I was a helping friend.

Blood flowed freely from the open gash and soaked the soft, gray leg feathers. But the bird was free again—and there was nothing further I could do for him.

Turning to the other gull, I could see absolutely no sign of life. He was so ensnared by the fishline and so battered from being hauled across the rocks, I was certain he was dead.

Carefully I wound up the leader I'd removed and laid it behind the lifeless bird before I gingerly picked my way back across the slippery rock to wait and see if my wounded, but freed, bird would fly away.

For a long time I sat on the beach while the bird stood completely motionless. Weary from his long struggle, and now crippled with the open bleeding sore on his leg, he rested. Only an occasional movement of his head let me know that he was still alert.

Then suddenly he flapped his strong wings once more and flew off to join a nearby group of gulls floating on the open sea. I knew the warm, salt water would cleanse and help heal his leg. He'd soon recover to fly another day!

Just as I stood up to leave my long vigil, I thought I glimpsed the slightest movement from the other bird. I was stunned to think that he could possibly be alive.

With far less caution than before, I hurried across the rocks again. I watched the bird as I approached, but he now seemed as motionless as before. Perhaps it had been only wishful thinking on my part that had made me see a sign of life.

I was within three feet of the bird when he made one heroic effort to escape—by flopping over into a large tidepool. I plunged in right after him!

Again, he became completely still—but his eyes were watching my every move. Once again I repeated the quiet words of comfort as I started unwinding more yards of transparent leader line.

Slowly, carefully, gently—my fingers parted the feathers to release the line as it twisted back and forth, around and around his legs, wings and body. I had to reach deep into his thick breast feathers, and I had to raise his long wings high into the air before I finally freed him from his entangled trap.

At the end of the line was another rusty hook—firmly caught in the hardest part of that bright yellow beak. Although I tried my best, I couldn't manage to release the barbed end, and I must have caused the poor thing an awful lot of pain. But his only reaction was a very feeble attempt to nip my right hand.

I was puzzled about what I should do next. Because I didn't have a knife to cut the heavy line—and because I knew I couldn't just leave the whole long thing dangling into space, I decided I'd have to bite it off.

By now, the bird was much more alert—and for a second, we stared at each other as I bit the line off about two inches from that sharp, unfriendly beak. Now this bird, too, was free.

Slowly, I waded back to the beach, taking along the lost fish-

line so no other birds would ever become ensnarled in that one, anyway.

For more than an hour I watched the slow recovery. It seemed forever before the bird made any movement, but then slowly he began to paddle around in the tidepool. Finally he struggled to climb up onto the rocks to rest, and I knew that all would be well with that bird, too.

Ecology has been a popular



cause for community reaction. But it wasn't until I got so personally involved that I began to catch the wonder of it all. This was the first time I'd been so close to wild birds, and surely the gulls hadn't had much experience with humans either. Certainly it was a most remarkable phenomenon for the three of us.

And now, when I see a flock of screaming sea gulls circling overhead, I remember to look up and wave. For surely somewhere up there, my two gulls are flying! □

Financial Wizards of the Revolution

When a shortage of funds threatened the cause, two brilliant immigrants proved to be money in the bank

by Richard B. Morris
paintings by Pete Harritos



INFLATION WAS AS OMINOUS during the Revolution as it is today. It posed a formidable threat to the statesmen and military leaders who waged an eight-year war for independence from Great Britain. The Continental Congress, which had overall direction of the American Revolution, had to secure the wherewithal to buy guns and ammunition, and to clothe and feed an



Robert Morris

often shivering, half-starved army sometimes at the brink of mutiny for lack of pay.

Fortuitously, at a critical point, two important financial figures, as unlike in background as could be imagined, shared their common pool of skills and knowledge to fend off national bankruptcy and carry the war to a successful conclusion. The more

famous of the two, Robert Morris, was born in England and came to America in 1747. Haym Salomon was born in Poland, a Jew of Portuguese ancestry. Immigrants both, Morris and Salomon were living examples of the American dream of "rags to riches."

Orphaned on the death of his father, Morris was apprenticed to an important Philadelphia mercantile firm. His talents brought him a partnership within 10 years. To the skills he demonstrated in international trade, he added political acumen as a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly and the Continental Congress. Though reluctant to sever all ties with England, Morris was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Salomon's rise was more romantic and improbable. Active in the Polish independence movement, he was forced to flee to England but left for New York in 1772. There, at the age of 32, he opened up a brokerage and merchant's office. He soon struck up a friendship with Alexander McDougall, a leader of the Sons of Liberty, with whom he cast his lot. When, in September 1776, New York City, which the Redcoats had seized, suffered a ravaging fire, the irate British forces sought scapegoats.

SALOMON WAS PICKED up as a suspect and put in jail, but he was too valuable a man to be kept incarcerated. The British learned that he was fluent in German as well as in five other languages, and they found him useful in communicating with the Hessians, who numbered about half the occupation troops. Because of his services, he was released from jail and permitted to resume his business activities, but he cleverly exploited military contacts which gave him access to prisons or prison ships. Soon involved in underground activities to help American prisoners of war escape, Salomon was again arrested by the British in August 1778, jailed on suspicion of espionage and sabotage, and sentenced to death in a drumhead court martial.

Having concealed on his person a supply of gold coins, he bribed his jailer and escaped to the American lines. There his friend McDougall, now a patriot general, arranged for a safe conduct pass out of the state. On August 25, 1778, we find Salomon in Philadelphia, petitioning Congress that his war activities had cost him all his effects and credits totaling some five or six thousand pounds sterling.

Again Salomon's language skills served him in good stead. The

Chevalier de la Luzerne, the French minister to Congress, picked him as paymaster-general of the French forces in America. At his brokerage office in Philadelphia's Front Street, feverish financial activities were carried on. A leading dealer in bills of exchange, Salomon soon came to Morris' attention, and the two were destined to play supporting roles in solving Congress's critical financial problems.

By the time America's financial destiny was placed in Morris'



Haym Salomon

hands, Congress had tried every device to raise funds to keep the war going against Great Britain. The difficulties were proving insuperable. America had little cash money. Most money was tied up in lands or commodities, while banks were nonexistent. Congress was forced to turn to paper money, to loan certificates

(the equivalent of government bonds), and to foreign loans, notably from France and later on from the Dutch. But it was paper money which provided the sinews of war. Unfortunately Congress lacked the power to tax and could not provide solid backing for the paper it was issuing. As the printing presses kept grinding out the issues, the value of currency sank and prices soared.



By 1779 Congress had issued almost \$200 million in Continental currency, and the slogan "Not worth a Continental" expressed the popular view of what Congress's paper would buy. In that year Congress decided to stop printing paper money, and the following year it drastically devalued the currency, declaring 40 paper dollars equal to one coin dollar. Congress now sought to shift the burden of financing the war to

the states, but this plan worked very badly.

In desperation, Congress seized the reins of financial power it had dropped the year before and in February 1781, picked Robert Morris to be Superintendent of Finance, virtually endowing him with the powers of a financial dictator. By this time Morris had built up a vast mercantile empire embracing nine major business partnerships and numerous lesser concerns. His network of business correspondents proved of immense value to the operations he was about to undertake.

Morris was in office only a few days when he summoned Haym Salomon. Salomon had already advanced the government considerable sums of money on the dubious security it offered.

Now, with his endorsement, he sold Morris' bills of exchange, providing much of the funds that kept the government in motion. In the period of Morris' Superintendency of Finance, 1781-1784, Saloman had no less than 75 transactions with Morris, advancing in hard currency over \$200,000. Commenting on how his funding program kept the government in motion, Morris remarked, "My personal credit has been substituted for that which the Country had lost." He might have added Salomon's credit as well.

Morris introduced system into financial accounting. He set up, with the backing of Haym Salomon and other Jewish businessmen of Philadelphia, the Bank of North America, which served as an adjunct to his office. Morris' competent and even brilliant administration financed the last campaign of the war, culminating in the victory of the Continental forces over Cornwallis at Yorktown.

The later careers of both Morris and Salomon proved tragic. With the war's end, Salomon planned to move his operations to New York, but the transfer was never effected. His health seriously impaired as a result of his wartime imprisonment by the British, Salomon died at the age of 45. The Revolution had not enriched him. His total assets amounted to \$44,732; his debts to \$45,292. His estate was insolvent by \$560.

Morris lived longer—long enough to see his basic plan for conferring taxing powers on the national government embodied in the federal Constitution—but he fell as spectacularly as he had risen. Through imprudent investments and speculation in real estate (much of it to become immensely valuable one day as the site of Washington, the nation's capital), he overextended himself. Owing to the Napoleonic Wars and the virtual paralysis of credit that followed, Morris was unable to liquidate his assets to meet the taxes on his property and the interest on his loans. His great services to his country conferred no immunity upon him when a small creditor caused him to be arrested. In those days, defaulting debtors were subject to bodily arrest and imprisonment. For three years, six months, and 10 days Morris was incarcerated in Philadelphia's debtors' prison. The first federal bankruptcy law, especially enacted by Congress in 1800 to take care of Morris' plight and that of similarly situated businessmen, brought about his release the following year. He died five years later, broken in body and spirit. □



Joie de Vivre, Jacques Lipchitz, St. Louis

Sculpture in the Streets

story and photos by Ingram See

The first time I saw it, snowflakes were settling on it in a bizarre fashion, and I couldn't stop staring until a bus pulled up between it and my car. The second time, two young girls were running wildly around it, blowing soap bubbles in the air. That is how the 50-foot-high sculpture in front of the Chicago Civic Center affects people.

Sculpture in the streets has come a long way from the old general on the horse. It's in every big town—and some not so big. Don't miss it. Put your fellow passengers to watching and drive as slowly as traffic permits. See twice as much by going in a circle instead of straight there and back. Most of the sculpture featured on these pages was seen on a trip from St. Louis to Detroit—by including Milwaukee; Chicago; Columbus, Ohio; Cincinnati; Covington, Kentucky; Columbus,

Indiana; and Indianapolis.

Some of them you cannot miss—such as the Indian hunter chasing the wild geese up the façade of a building at 8th and Wells Street in Milwaukee or the 250-foot-high sunk relief that you see as you drive west over U.S. Highway 40 from downtown St. Louis.

When viewing such outdoor works of art, discuss them with fellow travelers and bystanders. You'll find people are much more inclined to talk freely on the street than in the academic atmosphere of a museum. And you'll be lucky if you have youngsters around you. Their alert eyes often bring sublimities to earth in a hurry.

While I was photographing Lewis Iselin's *Faces of Our Time*, a perceptive companion commented, "The sculptor gave us positive and negative reflections of ourselves, and our subconscious is forced to turn the blanks into



Totem Pole, Haida Indians, Milwaukee



substance." A group of children strolled up. "Look!" cried a gay young voice, "Some people just can't get it all together."

Artists often call their works *Untitled*, not because they can't think up a name, but because they want viewers to have to make their own interpretations. Had Pablo Picasso called his 50-foot-high construction at the Chicago Civic Center *Afghan Hound*—he had such a pet—instead of *Untitled*, many viewers probably would see it as a dog instead of *Angel with Harp*, *The Grasshopper*, *God's Creation of Woman*, and countless other names that have been publicized. To quote De Paul University's

Faces of Our Time, Lewis Iselin, Columbus, Ohio



Untitled, James Wines, Milwaukee

artist-in-residence, Morris Barazani, when he was asked what he saw in it:

"Sculpture is not necessarily a representation of anything; it is a thing all by itself."

Free-standing sculpture is made to be seen in the round; you lose something in a picture. But taking a picture of it is the only way, along with comments and information, to take it with you. Before you settle on one view, walk around it and sight from all angles.

I stood in front of *The Pioneer Mother* at Lexington, Missouri—one of 12 such statues marking trails across the country—focusing for a clear view of the child at her left knee, the baby in her left arm, and the gun in her right hand. Suddenly I realized what she was looking at, or for. I moved to rear left and caught her as she had stood many a time: tall in the wagon, peering into the distance, hoping not to see Indians coming over the next rise.

It is exciting just to happen onto sculpture in the street, but many will be missed if you depend on chance. Ask at any service station for a brochure of the city's points of interest; if the attendant has none, he'll direct you to a source. Almost every city has at least one sculpture worthy of listing. Detroit, for example, has several. Giocomo Manzu's *Dancing Lady* faces Woodward Avenue with her back reflected in

the glass wall of the Michigan Consolidated Gas Company building. Nobody has made a fuss over her nudity, but before Carl Milles' *Indian Portaging His Canoe* could be unveiled down at Cobo Arena some 10 years earlier, the town council had a bronze apron welded on him.

In spite of a photograph's limitations for reliving your sculpture viewing, it does have one advantage: Because you can contemplate the picture without distraction, you will sometimes find something you missed in the presence of the actual sculpture.

At a recent slide presentation I flashed on one of Henry Moore's *Reclining Figures*. I pointed out that the bodies with holes in them are not to be scanned for realism but for the relation of void to solid, the harmonious combination of mass and space. Then I showed his *Large Arch* in Columbus, Indiana, and cited the statement of an art critic who thought it seemed to be in motion. In fact, when I had approached the sculpture before reading anything about it, I had seen it as a dinosaur.

Then one of my spectators spoke up. "And the space as he enclosed it, it has meaning, too. I see the Madonna and Child."

Whether Mr. Moore had any such intention is unimportant. Artists want viewers to see with their own sensitivities, each to pull out his own meaning. □



Untitled, Pablo Picasso, Chicago



support for legislation designed to initiate programs to improve knowledge and performance.

Ford believes, too, that driver education demands a professional approach, and works with organizations such as the American Driver and Traffic Safety Education Association (a department of the National Education Association), Highway Users Federation for Safety and Mobility, National Safety Council, and other national, state and local safety groups.

Driver Education:

CARS ARE SAFER TODAY, highways are better and people have more information available on highway safety than ever before. Nevertheless, accident and death tolls remain grim. Ford believes that although its major responsibility in highway safety should be concentrated on the vehicle, the greatest potential for solving the traffic problem lies in improving driving skills.

Ford is involved in driver education in various ways. These include cooperating with company dealers in loaning driver education vehicles to state-approved, non-profit public, private and parochial high schools throughout the country; developing and producing visual aids and making them available to educators, safety organizations and others; and providing

The company and its dealers have a long history of support for local traffic safety activities, especially the driver education car loan program. When the first high school driving courses began in the 1930s, company dealers provided cars to secondary schools for behind-the-wheel instruction. The Ford Good Drivers League, initiated in 1941, was the first nationally sponsored effort to encourage young drivers to become better drivers.

In 1945, company officials established a policy of allowing each participating dealer an extra car above his quota for each driver education vehicle put out on a loan basis, and in 1956 the company also offered its dealers rebates for driver education cars loaned to

public schools for that year.

Financial allowances now are made available to dealerships when they provide cars to state-approved, nonprofit public, private and parochial high schools for driver education purposes. In 1974, about 12,000 vehicles were furnished by company dealers.

Ford also has spent millions of dollars for development and production of motion pictures, filmstrips, and related literature which are sold at cost to schools, safety



Who Needs It?

groups, and others concerned with driver improvement.

It is difficult to teach driver safety without first defining the unsafe driver, and Ford has participated in extensive research to understand the driver and the driving task. The company has sponsored and conducted research using specially equipped vehicles to measure driver responses and vehicle control movements. In addition, Ford has loaned vehicles and specially instrumented cars to universities, a major insurance company, and several government agencies.

While Ford stands behind the concept of driver education for high schoolers, it strongly recommends a continuous program of traffic safety education extending from kindergarten through 12th

grade and beyond. Available evidence suggests that the typical high school education course enables most students to obtain driver licenses, but the poor traffic record of young drivers indicates that their training often is inadequate, especially in the handling of emergency maneuvers.

Vehicle safety *must* be considered from two angles. One is preventing or reducing the extent of injuries to car occupants involved in an accident. Ford is meeting this challenge by providing customers with scientifically engineered safety advances at the lowest possible cost. The other angle is avoiding accidents in the first place. You've just read about Ford's efforts in this area—what are you doing? □



How Honest Ed Grant



Started Maine Tourism

He never denied rough roads and black flies

THERE SEEMS NO END to the refinements and sophistication of camping out. Bill and I were lunching at Caucomgomoc Campground one day last summer, and we watched a chap from Connecticut pull in and set up. Youngsters piled out, and another gay woodland vacation had begun. He had a pickup camper, and behind that an aluminum house complete to chintz curtains and a glass boat topside. The man said, "We've always dreamed of a real, old-time camping trip—and here we are!"

Bill was smiling, particularly at

the portable TV, and I heard him say, mostly to himself, "I wish Ed Grant could see this."

Camping out and wilderness vacations didn't originate with Ed Grant, but he is legendary in Maine as the first who put woodland vacations on a paying basis, and advertised for customers. He thought, over 75 years ago, that he had everything perfected.

Ed's camps were at Beaver Pond, in the northwest corner of Maine's wilderness. He came there as a timber cruiser and trapper when he was a young man right after the

by John Gould

paintings by Gilbert DiCicco

Civil War. Beaver Pond is 27 miles from Rangeley Village, and about the same distance from the Canadian border. Five of the 27 miles his guests had to cover were a boat ride the length of Kennebag Lake, so they had this recess for their feet. And during the '90s Ed realized this trek was hard on weary city people coming to be rejuvenated, so he laid out a road.

His advertising, for which he wrote the copy, was printed in a long-forgotten country newspaper called—nobody knows why—the *Phillips Phonograph*. Then Ed would buy copies and mail them to his lists in Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and other places. His customers looked forward to receiving news from Ed, and were overjoyed when, in 1895, he announced the comfort and convenience of his new access:

"The new buckboard road is not new enough to be dangerous, and constant work upon it is rapidly reducing the number of deaths reported to us daily."

Such negative and whimsical appeal might not work in our more comfortable times, but Ed's guests loved Beaver Pond and loved Ed Grant, and they came that summer to inspect the new highway. The long overnight steam-car ride from the cities to Rangeley was considered luxurious then, and it was high adventure to descend and enjoy a pleasant buckboard ride to camp. But the first 50 yards proved suffi-



cient. The buckboard would arrive at camp with trunks and gear, and the guests would be thankfully plodding along behind on foot.

But constant work paid off, and three years later Ed advertised, "Scarcely anybody has been killed on it this season."

In terms of today's equipment and facilities, the Beaver Pond Camps, pleasure palace of millionaires, were less than adequate. Made of peeled spruce logs, the



buildings were the same rough, although tight, shelters Maine used for lumber camps. Sleeping cabins were grouped about a combination cookshack and dining hall, and Ed had a "lounge." Lumber camps didn't have this cultural nicety, and in those days the word had no cocktail hour connotation. Maine was legally dry, although Ed's proximity to Canada assuaged the general grief about this to a considerable extent. A guide could make it over

the trail to Lac Mégantic, Quebec, and back in a day.

Ed's lounge was fitted with an open hearth and rocking chairs, and here he presided in the evening to unfold his long-winded whoppers of the Maine woods. He was a true troubadour equal to the best. Nobody knew then what a portable TV was going to look like when somebody invented it, and the happiest hours of a Beaver Pond vacation were in the kerosene lamplight, before a white-birch blaze, with Ed Grant tipped back, feet up, and a story mulling along while he fed kitchen matches into his curve-stem pipe. "Guests at Beaver Pond Camps (Ed advertised) may ask for any luxury found in any modern hotel." Ask, indeed—the place had no inside plumbing, no refrigeration beyond a zinc-lined, lift-cover ice-chest, and the necessary repetition of unspoilable foods gave meaning to the sign in the dining hall: "Notice—Abusive Language Concerning Food Not Tolerated."

"Anything we find it necessary to promise, we do, to any extent," Ed advertised, and he told people he had "the most promising business" in Maine. "We seek patronage from anyone who desires to visit the real backwoods, and who is not afraid to take desperate chances."

This smiling honesty in Ed's advertising included black flies. If you've noticed, vacation brochures are always silent on this. You'd

think, to read the blurbs, that predatory insects are unknown. But Ed was honest, and he wrote, "While black flies and mosquitoes are very rare, tar ointment is served at every meal and is deservedly popular."

"Ask anybody about Beaver Pond Camps, and if they don't speak well of us, then write to us and we will."

Happy were the thousands who came to Beaver Pond Camps and suffered. Notwithstanding the sign in the dining hall, he set a good table by the logistics of his time, and Ed never had a complaint when the beefsteaks tasted like venison. The beds were framed from spruce poles, but insomnia was unknown. When the vacationists and anglers returned to the cities, Ed stayed open for hunters, and his list of available animals ended with, "... rabbits, wardens, and other small game." And all guests had the magic evenings before the open hearth, with Ed smoking matches unless someone insist he try tobacco, and the artful recitation of whoppers under way. "Yes-sir, when I first come into this country as a boy, Boyle Mountain was nothin' but a pimple."

"My gorry," he'd say, pointing at a house-size boulder, "how that rock's growed—when I was a boy it was just a pebble I shied at a pa'tridge!" The story of the pet trout, an American folklore classic found in all good anthologies, was

Ed Grant's—he trained a trout to live out of water, and one day the poor little cuss tripped and fell into the brook and drowned. It took a full evening for that one, with proper pondering if such-and-such happened on a Tuesday or a Thursday, and it took another evening for the rowing race against the Harvard boys. He out-rowed them, all right, but friction on the water set his boat afire. The birch logs embered out in the fireplace, the guests would say goodnight, pick up their kerosene lanterns, and head for bed—another evening at Beaver Pond Camps was memorable.

Soon, of course, others saw what Ed was doing, and shortly the Maine woods were full of story-telling imitators and everybody had wilderness for sale. Maine was the first state to set up an official invitation agency. Most people consider Ed Grant the pioneer of the outdoor holiday. Today, the spruce logs of Beaver Pond Camps are mold on the lake-front, but the place may be found if occasion requires. A part of his famous road has been manicured by bulldozers, graders, and big trucks until an aluminum camper with chintz curtains can negotiate it in safety and with speed. But TV gets snowy up that way, and they don't yet have plug-in electricity. So it would be kind of fun, as Bill said, to hear Ed Grant's remarks about modern wilderness recreation. □

Follow the leader

In this, the second in a series on Ford firsts, we highlight several product and manufacturing innovations from the late 1940s through the early 1960s.

First to establish statistical quality control methods of production throughout its plants.

First with the one-piece curved windshield.

First to use completely automated stamping press and welding machine lines for making body parts.

First to cast crankshafts of high-strength iron alloy, permitting better design, less vibration and noise.

First to establish a completely automated cylinder block machining line.

First three-speed torque converter automatic transmission with logical "PRNDL" control pattern.



First with suspended brake and clutch pedals.

First ball-joint front suspension.

First full-flow oil filter integral with engine block.



First to mount master brake cylinder high on fire wall for easy access.

First with a pressure lubrication system that automatically meters out a measured amount of grease to individual points of the chassis.



First standard safety package, consisting of safety door latches, safety seat mountings, shatterproof mirror, and deep-dish, energy-absorbing steering wheel.

First with self-adjusting brakes.

First to provide aluminized muffler.

First with galvanized rocker panels.

First company to extend new-car warranty to 12,000 miles or 12 months, whichever occurs first (covering defects of material or workmanship, except for tires and items of normal maintenance). □



Pinto MPG Two-Door Sedan with optional white sidewall tires

More miles per gallon

New Pinto **MPG** and Mustang II **MPG**

by Ray Newman

PINTO and Mustang II, already America's best-selling sub-compact car and small luxury car, now boast even stronger lineups with the recent addition of new models that provide improved gas mileage—at no increase in price.

In official U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) tests, the

new Pinto MPG and Mustang II MPG rated 34 miles to a gallon for highway driving and 23 for city driving. With optional automatic transmission, both rated 30 mpg for highway and 21 for city. (EPA rates all cars using a common dynamometer testing procedure. Actual mileage may vary, depend-

ing on your driving habits.)

Like the regular Pinto, Pinto MPG is available as a Two-Door Sedan, Three-Door Runabout and Station Wagon. With a price of \$2,769*, the Sedan offers a lower price and higher mileage than the leading foreign car, Volkswagen's Beetle.

All Pinto MPG models come with the same kind of standard equipment that has made Pinto so popular. There is rack-and-pinion steering, four-speed manual transmission with floor shift, 2.3-liter four-cylinder engine, solid state ignition and front disc brakes. The MPG Runabout also has a handy flip-up rear door and a rear seat that folds down to provide a five-foot-long carpeted load floor. Buyers of the MPG Wagon will appreciate its fuel economy—and the roominess and handling that have helped make Pinto the best-selling wagon in the country, big or small.

Three Mustang II MPG models are offered: Hardtop, 2 + 2 and Ghia. These models provide better mileage than any small luxury car, and the MPG Hardtop's price of \$3,529* is lower than many foreign competitors.

All of the Mustang II MPG models feature the following standard equipment: steel-belted radial-ply tires, rack-and-pinion steering, four-speed manual transmission with floor shift, 2.3-liter four-cylinder engine, solid state ignition and tachometer. The ele-

gant Ghia MPG also comes with vinyl roof, opera windows and bodyside molding.

California versions of Ford's MPG models achieved the following ratings in EPA tests: highway—28 mpg, city—18 mpg. With automatic transmission, they rated 26 mpg on the highway and 18 mpg in the city.

All Pinto MPG and Mustang II MPG models have the same type of Lifeguard Design Safety Features as the full-sized Ford LTD, including front side door beams,



Mustang II MPG Hardtop

protective bumpers and many other items.

The new MPG models are available now at your local Ford dealer. Stop in for complete information on them and the rest of the Ford lineup. □

**Base sticker price excluding title, taxes, destination and dealer prep. Price comparisons are based on sticker prices. Mileage comparisons are based on official EPA test results.*



FAVORITE **Recipes** FROM
FAMOUS RESTAURANTS
by Nancy Kennedy



JOE COTTEN'S BARBECUE ROBSTOWN, TEXAS

For over 30 years barbecue lovers have been flocking to this spot for beef, spareribs, pork and sausages cooked in pits over a mesquite wood fire. The four dining rooms are decorated with antiques and there are porch swings and rockers for guests to relax in. The helicopter landing pad is a touch of the 20th century. Owner Joe Cotten, a friendly, homespun host, is a legend in south Texas. Nearby tourist attractions are Corpus Christi and Padre Island. It is on

U.S. Highway 77 (South) in Robstown.

COTTEN'S ORIGINAL BARBECUE SAUCE

- 23 ounces tomato juice
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup catsup
- 2 tablespoons mustard
- 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
- 2 tablespoons finely diced onion
- $\frac{1}{4}$ jalapeño pepper, diced
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
- 1 tablespoon margarine
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice

Put all ingredients in a pan and cook at slow boil with lid on for about 30 minutes. Use as a sauce for cooked meat.

CICERO'S ROSEVILLE, MINNESOTA

The dining room is reminiscent of the 1920s and there is entertainment nightly with music from a 1928 Wurlitzer organ. The menu of Italian dishes and sandwiches is geared to the whole family. It is located in the Har Mar Mall, two miles north of I-94 at 2100 N. Snelling Avenue (State Highway 51) in suburban St. Paul. Lunch and dinner served every day. Michael Belknap is the owner.

CICERO'S SALAD

On a bed of crisp lettuce, shred approximately 1 head of fresh iceberg lettuce which has been washed and allowed to dry. Add the following ingredients (all cut in thin julienne strips): 3 ounces white breast of turkey, 3 ounces lean

smoked ham, 3 ounces lean corned beef and 3 ounces American cheese. Top with the following ingredients: 3 ounces shredded mozzarella cheese, 2 ounces anchovies, cut in pieces, 2 quartered ripe tomatoes and 2 ounces fresh garlic croutons. Over this, pour your favorite salad dressing or the special Cicero's Italian dressing (below). Makes 4 portions.

ITALIAN DRESSING

Take 6 ounces of chilled olive or corn oil, add 2 ounces wine vinegar, 1 teaspoon fresh mashed garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon fresh oregano, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sweet basil, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon freshly ground pepper. Mix well and refrigerate for 24 hours before using. Mix well before each use. Makes enough dressing for 4 generous salads.



painting by Randall McKissick ▲

painting by John S. Walsh ▼



GIBBS COUNTRY HOUSE LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN

Located on U.S. Highways 10 and 31 between Ludington and Scottville on Michigan's western shore, this restaurant prides itself on homemade breads, desserts and ice cream. Owner Harold Gibbs offers guests an "all you can eat" challenge from his buffet and "help yourself" dessert table. Lunch and dinner daily; open until all guests are served. Closed from January 1 to April 4.

HEALTH BREAD

Heat together to melt shortening: $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening and 1 teaspoon salt. When shortening has melted, add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cold water. Let cool until warm. Then

add 2 cakes compressed yeast or equivalent of dry yeast. Stir the following amounts of flour into the first mixture: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup wheat germ, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely ground whole wheat, 2 cups flaked whole wheat and 5 cups white flour. Dough should be soft and elastic. Let rise until double in bulk, then divide dough into 2 portions and shape each into a loaf, kneading gently. Place in buttered bread pans. Butter tops of loaves and let rise until just about top of breadpan. Bake at 350° for about 45 minutes. Makes 2 loaves. (*If flaked whole wheat is not available, you may substitute rolled oats, regular whole wheat flour or order the flaked whole wheat from: The Fruit Cellar, 23822 Ford Road, Dearborn Heights, Michigan 48127.*)

THE HUNGRY TROUT WILMINGTON, NEW YORK

The windows of this restaurant open onto the Ausable River, one of the best trout streams in the nation. Located in the Adirondack Forest Reserve, the restaurant offers standard and wild game menus. It is on State Route 86, nine miles northeast of Lake Placid. Dinner served every day; reservations necessary. Open May 15 to October 15. William and Joan Lowe are the owner-chefs.

TROUT WITH GOLDEN SHRIMP AND SHERRY SAUCE

Melt $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter over low heat.

Sauté 2 tablespoons grated onion in butter, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, mixing to smooth consistency. Add 2 cups whole milk stirring constantly while mixture is thickening. Add: $\frac{1}{2}$ pound chopped uncooked, cleaned shrimp, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon curry powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon garlic powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon tarragon, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Tabasco sauce and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon yellow food coloring. Cook mixture over medium heat until shrimp is done, then add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup pale, dry cocktail sherry, and salt and pepper to taste. Broil six 12-ounce cleaned whole trout (or filleted trout). Serve topped with hot sauce.

by Edwin P. Hicks

paintings by James H. Crabb

*The location
of a fishing hole
is always
an angler's deepest secret*

DON'T ASK ME

EVERYONE KNOWS fishermen are the finest fellows in the world. They'll feed you if you're hungry, refresh you with drink when you're thirsty and even loan you money when you're broke. But show you their favorite fishing hole? Not on your life!

The location of a prized fishing hole, is often passed down from father to son, from relative to relative, or from one fishing buddy to another.

I am sure that the Creator, who

is shown in Holy Writ to love fishermen, does not count it against an angler who lies just a mite and uses guile to protect his favorite fishing hole from discovery.

I remember when I was a little tad accompanying my father to old Five Pond, which lies to the west of Krebs, Oklahoma. While I was too young to do any fishing, I still remember how he protected the sanctity of his favorite spot in the lake-size pond with a clever bit of strategy. Fishing with a sewing



WHERE THEY'RE BITING

thread tied to a slender willow pole and using a feather quill for a bobber and a wasp grub for bait, he pulled large goggle-eye perch from extremely shallow depths. He strung the fish on a long line in deep water. Whenever another angler approached, Pop would throw his bait out into deep water and contrive not to get a bite until the other fellow had passed on. Then he would resume his shallow water fishing, his bait only a few inches below the bobber, and con-

tinue to pull in the perch.

Favorite fishing holes are as dear to an ardent angler as home and country. While hanging around the fishing counter in a sporting goods store several years ago, I heard a prominent local businessman telling his experience with a couple of so-called "friends." The other two men had been fishing together for years. The third fellow, also a serious fisherman, somehow wangled an invitation from them one day to go along. The trip was to Lake

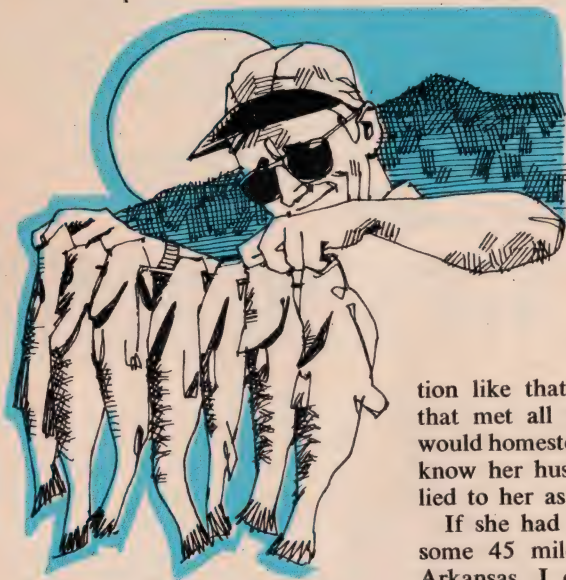
Ouachita in western Arkansas, where the two cronies had a fishing cabin.

"They took me to their favorite spot on the lake," said the businessman. "They called it the Vitamin Hole because it was so rich in fish. You know what those two guys did? They blindfolded me before they would take me to the Vitamin Hole, and went a mile out

find my way back if my life depended upon it."

One time a nice lady who worked where I did said to me: "Will you tell me where my husband and I can drive within 25 miles of town on a hard-surfaced road, fish from a good bank and catch a lot of fish?"

Boy, oh boy, it would take a woman who knew nothing about fishing or fishermen to ask a ques-



of their way, twisting and turning, so I would never know my way in there. Once we got there they let me take off the blindfold, and we caught our limit. Then they blindfolded me on the way out. I couldn't

tion like that! If I knew a place that met all those requirements I would homestead it. Besides, I didn't know her husband very well. So I lied to her as gently as possible.

If she had been willing to drive some 45 miles from Fort Smith, Arkansas, I could have fixed her up. There is a wonderful mountain stream which you can spit across in places, loaded with big perch, bass, and channel cat, and which runs in spots within 50 feet of U. S. 71. Since you are not a relative of mine, or a tried, true, and



silent-mouthed fishing buddy, I'm not going to say whether it lies north or south of Fort Smith. Thousands of cars and trucks roar by the little stream every day.

It was way back in the early Depression period that my brother-in-law, Arl Been, guided me to this place. Both of us used flyrods at the time, and we baited up with popping bugs on the banks of the stream in the silver light of an early summer morning. The water was blue and about chest deep, and each hole was about 100 to 150 feet long. Perfect for fly fishing. By

same stream is where my wife hooked a bass that would have gone eight pounds. Alas, she didn't land it.

It was to this secret hole that my wife and I took our 12-year-old nephew on his first fishing trip. I tied a wobbly surface lure to his spinning line, led him through the brush and across some ripples, and up the opposite bank. "See that spot over there under that tree?" I whispered. The boy nodded and cast some 30 feet the way I had taught him. Years before my wife had cast to that same spot with the

early afternoon, when we quit to drive home, we had a large dishpan stacked high with scaled and cleaned goggle-eyes bigger than a man's hand, and several bass which weighed over two pounds.

Through the years this tiny stream has remained productive. It was in a hidden, hundred-yard hole on this stream that I caught my first sizeable bass—a five pound big-mouth on a surface plug. This

same kind of plug. The water had exploded as she jiggled the lure, and she had caught a fine bass.

Now Jeff was reeling in, the cast having produced nothing in the

The late County Judge R. P. Strozier told me about a stream I had never heard of in adjoining Crawford County. It was war time, and my brother-in-law came chug-



deadly spot below the tree. Half way in a sizeable bass struck, and Jeff was suddenly a fisherman. He landed the bass and made four other catches before the sun sank behind the nearby hills.

ging up to my house before daylight that weekend. We drove northwest of Van Buren, turned left onto a country road, marked by three mailboxes, and in time reached a lovely little stream. The scenery

was terrific, the fishing just as great. We chugged home that evening loaded with fish.

There's a spot on the Ouachita River some 80 miles south of Fort Smith that is a wade-fisherman's dream. You drive a mile off the pavement on a country road and come flat up against a fence and the end of a ridge. Park your car, slide off the river bank 20 feet to the right, and start fishing. You wade downstream for half a mile or so, curve gradually to the left for a quarter mile, then fish back north for another half to three-quarters of a mile. You come to a shallow, dry-weather river crossing. Get out, walk 75 yards to your left, and you are back at the car. I learned about this from my fishing partner John Saunders, then the U.S. Geological Survey Engineer for the Western District of Arkansas. He knew every crook and turn in every stream in the area.

One day, fishing in this same river, near Sims, Arkansas, using fly rods and grasshoppers for bait, Saunders left me and went up stream for a quarter of a mile. Two or three hours later he came back, with a stringer of four-pound channel catfish. You can bet I accompanied him to the spot, after gulping lunch. I caught several channel cat including one six-pounder.

For years Saunders and I fished this hole almost as if it were our private reservation, although "Keep

Out" signs were posted on the gate leading to the access lane. We charmed the children of the owner of the property with sacks of candy, and gave the parents copies of old magazines.

The walls of Earl Norman's welding shop in Fort Smith are lined with heads of lunker bass—three dozen or more—bass that weighed from four to eight pounds. All were caught in Lake Fort Smith—a small lake of several hundred acres. For years I have tried to worm out of Norman the loaded spots on this lake. He always grins politely and changes the subject.

My current fishing partner, C. H. Boyd, and I were searching for a good spot on Blue Mountain one morning and came upon two men fishing off a point for crappie. Willows were down in the water. It looked good.

"Any luck?" we asked.

Both men shook their heads.

A hundred feet down the cove, Boyd pointed back silently. One of the anglers we had spoken to was adding a crappie to a string of fish that was a yard long. We both grinned, but we didn't bother them. They had found the spot and fish. We wouldn't interfere. There's honor among real fishermen. Never barge in on a secret fishing spot. Sometimes you're invited—if you are a relative, or have shown you can keep your mouth shut. If not, you'll just have to find your own. □



Letters

Games People Play

Dear Sirs: I enjoyed Zibby Oneal's article in the March FORD TIMES, "The Games We Used to Play." I suppose it was because of the locality where we were raised that different expressions were used in her account than the ones I recall. As kids, we always called the game "Go Sheepy Go," instead of "Run Sheep Run," and her phrase "Ally, Ally in Free," was always "Ollie, Ollie, Ox in Free" in our game. I have been a faithful FORD TIMES reader for more than 35 years and this season marks my 51st owning and driving one make of automobile—a Ford.

Howard E. Wentz
Columbus, Ohio

Kudos for Charlie!

Dear Sirs: Thank you for the delightful April cover of the raccoon bandits by Charles Harper, and, of course, thank you for the illustrations that accompany the article. Hal Butler's writing is excellent as we thought it would be, but it's Charles Harper, who, more than 10 years ago, via FORD TIMES, won me over. It's not only his smooth painting style that intrigues me, but he puts precisely the right amount

of humor in all his work. I've seen manatees swimming in Florida. If called upon to describe them, I'd say they were big ole ugly grey things. Not friend Harper. He made them charming and downright lovable! (This was in FORD TIMES some time back, but I keep all the issues that contain his work.) Please let's have more from this delightful man.

Sara Lois Bogren
Strasburg, Pennsylvania



Worth Copying

Dear Sirs: In a recent issue you ran an article on windmills. Since I have always liked windmills, I tore out the page which featured Mr. Robert Reynold's painting and sent it to my daughter-in-law in Los Angeles. Here is a snapshot of the picture she painted from the picture in FORD TIMES.

Mrs. Ollie Thorp
Snyder, Oklahoma

Official U.S. Government Environmental Protection Agency tests:

Ford announces Mustang II **MPG**

34mpg (4-speed manual)
highway...23mpg city.

30mpg (automatic)
highway...21mpg city.



Mustang II MPG Hardtop

**Better mileage than any small luxury car.
Lower priced than any foreign competitor.**

MPG America's best-selling small luxury car now gives you increased mileage. EPA highway tests got 34 mpg (23 mpg city) with a 4-speed manual transmission.* With automatic transmission, the Mustang II MPG got better mileage than many imports. Standard Mustang II equipment includes: tachometer, rack and pinion steering, steel-belted radials, 4-speed stick—and the same low Mustang II price.

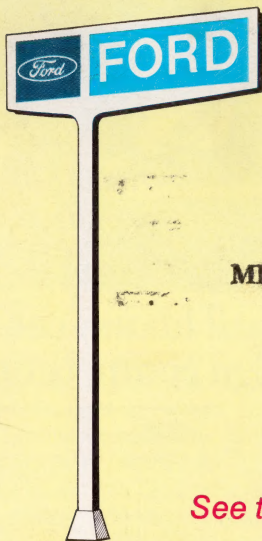
*Because of Calif. laws, the mileage in that state is 28 mpg highway, 18 mpg city.

MPG equipment:

Mustang II MPG equipped with 2.3-liter 2V 4-cylinder engine, 4-speed manual (or optional automatic) transmission, a 3.18 axle ratio (3.40 in Calif.) and catalytic converter.

See pages 52 and 53 for more information on the MPG cars.

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